

CHICKS MAKE ME NERVOUS



Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick-chick. Clucking and fucking. Chirping and cheating. Peeping and weeping. Quacking and lacking in all that's important.

I open the door, and I see a chick. I look over my shoulder, and I see a chick. I get on the bus, and there's a chick in every seat. But when I picture myself, I don't see a chick. I have tits and a cunt, but I think like a man. I've removed the chick inside and replaced it with something more sensible.

Men make sense. Chicks make dinner. The chick has a hole, but the chick has no soul.

Chicks make me nervous. Twats make me tense. Cunts make me uncomfortable. Pussies piss me off. Vaginas get me violent.

Chicks make me nervous because *weakness* makes me nervous. Because *bullshit* makes me nervous. Because it's all an act. Chicks are pieces of meat with decorations on them. Two bags of milk and a bucket of fish.

Vaginas look like the melted skin on a burn victim's face. Vaginas look like an aerial view of a nuclear waste site. Vaginas look like bleeding asteroids. Vaginas look like the mouths of toothless elderly women. Vaginas look like jellified anuses. Vaginas look like rancid antipasto. Vaginas invite trouble.

Fifty-one percent of the population, a hundred percent of the annoyance. It's hard for me to look at their faces without getting nauseous. Put a bag over it, hon. Without makeup, they're witches. With makeup, they're clowns.

But mention the word "rape," and they drop the clown act. They turn whiter than they normally are. They freeze up. No more girlie bullshit. No more fun and games. Only sheer terror. It's rape. It's time to be afraid, chicks.

Rape puts an end to the feminine charade. Rape shocks a chick into her senses. Rape rips raw emotion out of her. Rape makes her feel humiliated. Rape makes her suffer. Rape makes her more down-to-earth. A chick usually likes to get the last word, but suddenly she won't be able to, because she's gagging on some evil stranger's dick. Her mouth was made to fit that dick. That dick was made to shut her up.



This time, her red lips have no say in the matter. The horrific act of rape—well, it's only horrific if it's done right—and a chick's lifelong memory of it will turn her into the humble bitch that she's supposed to be. She'll become a baby chick again. An embryo. An egg. A little chickadee.

When she felt that dick reaching all the way up her spinal column, she learned a valuable life-lesson. When she was hit hard enough to see stars, she earned a college degree. Her eyes were opened to the way things really are. And to the way people really are. She finally realizes that life really does suck. That death looks more attractive with every day that passes. She'll grow to be more suspicious of people—just as she ought to be. Just as she needs to be. Just as she must be.

Her purse could have been stolen or her house set ablaze, but rape's so much closer to home. She remembers how the poison dripped down from between her precious legs.

She's changed. She won't be showing off those legs for a while. She'll put off getting that manicure. She'll cut off ties with most of her friends and withdraw into that hole. Her entire consciousness will hide inside that vagina. She won't be so high-and-mighty. Suddenly, she's not so snobby. Suddenly, she's not so slutty. Suddenly, she's not such a loudmouth. Suddenly, she has a real problem.

She wakes up in hell. She wishes that the rapist had killed her. She realizes that she's lost. She's still alive and it hurts. It really hurts this time. It's a lot more serious than breaking a fingernail.

There's nothing that she can do about her rape. The chick surrenders. She's finally defeated. The vicious brute wiped his scummy nectar all over her face, lips, eyes, and mouth. His cum is molded into her being. She wears his cum like a bodysuit.

Her "rape day" will be more significant than her birthday, wedding anniversary, or Christmas. She should mark her calendar. It's the first time in her life that her looks, charm, and money couldn't help her out. Every woman should have a "rape day" to celebrate. Except me. Step within ten feet of me, and I'll kill you. Like I said, I think like a man.

I can only encourage the ravaged twat to realize that her rape was the most dramatic event she'll ever experience. It was her highest calling. She met her Maker. She's been to the mountain. She'll never top being raped.

Are you listening, guys? Don't give her flowers. Don't give her chocolates. Don't give her diamonds. Give her rape.

Make her feel like a natural woman. Take her through every possible stage of humiliation. Make her feel properly appreciated—use her. Make her feel good about herself—beat the *shit* out of her. Hit her before you fuck her. Hit her after you fuck her. Hit her *while* you're fucking her. If a chick wants to get ahead in life, she has to be kept down. So rape her. Pin her soul to the ground.

After her pussy's been whipped, she won't be such a pussy-whipper anymore. She won't be a chick, she'll be a lady. She'll know the meaning of respect. She'll learn the value of laughter. She'll speak only when spoken to. Things will be nicer for all parties concerned.

She's lying there bleeding. Her will has been broken. Her cunt has been smashed. Her clothes have been ripped and ruined. She's been fucked in her ass, punched in her face, and rubbed in the dirt. Rape has reduced her to the garbage she truly is. She doesn't have that cunt tone in her voice anymore. Now she is a victim. A casualty. A number. She no longer makes me nervous.

If I was a man, I'd be a rapist. Women are only pretty to me when they're in pain. Women are only interesting to me when they're covered with bruises. Only women bleed? Let's hope so. ■